of Honolulu. Miss Krueger always dates her letters "Paradise," and the frequent "It is like ours would be if all the outside accourate and detailed accounts which they walls were taken off," she said in her let-

LETTERS FROM PARADISE

Shouldn't care to have anything to do with them. The talk about the cheapness of labor here gives a wrong impression, I think. The servant classes among women seem to be better paid than at home. Mrs. B.'s cook gets \$5 a week, as does also the boy who waits on the table, and that seems to be about the average wage. To show you that I am not prejudiced against the Chinese, however, I will tell you that I have agreed to teach a Sunday school class of the little Chinese."

Women's Dresses and Their Cost-Servants' Wages—Swell Crowds at the Theaters—Food Products of the little Chinese. The chinese boys and girls going about with their long pigtalls hanging down their backs. They look very queer in their backs. They look very queer in their big red aprons with one great pocket in the middle in front. Every child is as bright as a rainbow with its many colored clothes on. Some have bright green caps and shoes of some other bright color and then a red or yellow or some other bright colored apron over their funny looking clothes. The Japanese wear great wooden shoes full three inches thick, while the native children go barefooted and bare pretty much all round." city, from his sister, Miss Lottie, who has since the 1st of February, a resident

wooden snoes that the children go barefooted and bare pretty much all round."

Another Honoluluan institution which in-



-From Photograph by Miss Krueger. DANCING WOMEN. contain of the delights of the country bear

out fully, as to worldly conditions, the in-sinuation of the metaphor. sinuation of the metaphor.

Hearty reception by, and prompt election to membership in, the "American colony" there had something to do with the favor with which she looked upon the gems of the Pacific, no doubt, but the many interesting observations which her letters at once began to contain show that through extensive and minute observation the virtues of the country were being appreciated on their own account.

other places has its drawbacks, Miss Krueger makes no attempt to conceal, and the existence of one of these is very plain-ly noted in one of her first letters. She says: "I am sitting up in bed to write



BATHING SCENE.

this. Not that I wanted to go to bed, particularly, but I had to get under the canopy to keep away from the mosquitos, which seem to possess the one trace of cannibalism here the missionaries have been unable to wipe out. The mosquitos are the one bad feature of the beautiful evenings, and the parks, where band con-certs are held nightly. Fortunately the nights are cool so that one can be comfortable with something about the face and neck for protection. Once in bed, though, and we're safe from them, as these cano-

neck for protection. Once in bed, though, and we're safe from them, as these canopies are proof.

Insects in general receive the attention of the writer in the course of her letters and in one of them she speaks of the centipede, whose bite, she says, is painful but not fatal. "One day the Chipaman who cuts the grass on our hostess' lawn cut one of these centipedes in two and in dains."

The writer's observations on the food products of the islands are not altogether to their credit. However, she says, they many turkeys consumed in Honolulu are many turkeys consumed in Honolulu are will off to fowls, although none of the surface observations on the food products of the islands are not altogether to their credit. However, she says, they many turkeys consumed in Honolulu are will off to fowls, although none of the many turkeys consumed in Honolulu are will off to fowls, although none of the many turkeys consumed in Honolulu are will off to fowls, although none of the many turkeys consumed in Honolulu are will off to fowls, although none of the many turkeys consumed in Honolulu are will off to fowls, although none of the many turkeys consumed in Honolulu are will off to fowls, although none of the many turkeys consumed in Honolulu are will off to fowls, although none of the many turkeys consumed in Honolulu are will off to fowls, although none of the many turkeys consumed in Honolulu are will off to fowls, although none of the many turkeys consumed in Honolulu are will off to fowls, although none of the many turkeys consumed in Honolulu are will off to fowls, although none of the many turkeys consumed in Honolulu are will off to fowls, although none of the many turkeys consumed in Honolulu are will off to fowls, although none of the second none of the will be although the chips will be although the chi

ter to the children. "The mail is not de-livered, but everybody has boxes or must go to the call window. You just walk along the sidewalk under the awning and stop at a window or your box and get. your mail."

Occidental "attractions" have already found their way to the Sandwich Islands, and one letter told of the presence there of the Kansas City Pickaninny band and the lively times they had introducing the natives to the strains of the "Georgia

natives to the strains of the "Georgia Campmeeting" and all the other cakewalk davorities. At the time of another letter a Hoyt company, stopping on its way to Australia, played a week's engagement of "A Stranger in New York," and a half dozen other farce comedies well known here. "There is no lack of American music, however," says Miss Krueger, "for the native band regularly fills the night air of the parris with the strains of all the patriotic airs known on the home side of the water, and the popular airs of the period are also duly noticed. The coming of a fairly good troupe is quite an event here, and some of them from America must be astonished at the audiences they meet. Full dress is the rule, and their cute little opera house held a swell enough looking crowd for a queen's ball the night Hoyt's played 'A Rag Baby." Hoyt's played 'A Rag Baby.'
One of the most noteworthy events, as she accounts it, was Miss Krueger's assistance one day at a "luau," or native feast, and she describes the fearful and wonder-

ance one day at a "luau," or native feast, and she describes the fearful and wonderful fare and performance as follows:

"I'll tell you to start with that we all ate with our fingers, beginning on a bowl of pol (which tastes awfully). In the same course were raw grated fish and pig cooked two ways—under ground and above ground. I am giving this dish as pig, from hearsay; it might have been dog so far as I know, but that cooked under ground was good. In the next course we had chicken cooked in cocoanut, and some breadfruit. The breadfruit is something like pol, only yellow. The pol is dove-colored or purplish gray. Another dish was cocoanuts and sweet potatoes made into a pudding, which was also good. There were other terrible things of which I do not know the name and shudder to remember the taste. Ugh! I wouldn't go through another such an experience, but I got my money's worth and tasted nearly everything with my fingers was a little hard, but we had to do it. The table is covered with fern leaves, and the whole meal in bowls set on these—and then you do the rest."

do the rest."
The writer's observations on the food

one of these centipedes in two and in doing it knocked the head part upon his foot, flattish taste and seem to lack the flavor



-From Photograph by Miss Krueger. IN FRONT OF A NATIVE HUT.

which was bare, but for his wooden shoe. The result was a bite that forced him to go shoeless on that side for three or four days. Spiders and all kinds and sizes of insects are plentiful but I know of none of them particularly troublesome, and there are no snakes at all. I haven't heard whether the Sandwich islands ever had a St. Patrick or not."

they have in this country. The same seems to be true of the coffee, as the writer said it took about three cups to equal one in this country in the satisfaction to the stomach and spirit. Coffee is cheap, however, which is more than can be said of the beer which, deponent saith, costs 25 cents a giass.

A visit to the fish market interested Miss

whether the Sandwich islands ever had a St. Patrick or not."

As to Women's Dresses.

Womanlike, Miss Krueger at once familiarized herself with the situation as to dresses, gloves and so forth. In one of her early letters she writes: "I am nearly roasting in a tailor-made gown and must give it up for the white dresses that all the ladies wear. Fortunately the goods is not high, which is more tnan can be said for ribbons, hats and gloves, which I must send home for as much as possible. Which swise costs only 25 cents a yard, and I can get twelve yards of India lawn for \$1.55.

There are a great many Chinese dressmakers here, who do all sorts of sewing for the white people, but they are not satisfactory; they are too independent, and I



dark with a valise and her arms full of bundles.

The bachelor maid hopped off the car in front of the house and ran quickly up the steps. She was a happy little soul and the thought of unpacking that trunk and fixing up her room prettily with gimeracks and photographs of—well, never mind who. There are always several such in every girl's life. The thought of fixing up a pretty room made her smile in the darkness. She had a boil of baby ribbon—but she had to pay straight price for it because this wasn't sale day. However, it was only 3 cents a yard. She had a package of brass headed tacks in her chatelaine bag and a small tack hammer tucked under her arm. She probably would rather not have the tackhammer mentioned for fear she might be taken for a mannish young woman. But down in the bottom of her heart she preferred a tack hammer to a hairbrush when it came to driving in nails. And as it was dark no one would

fear she might be taken for a mannish young woman. But down in the bottom of her heart she preferred a tack hammer to a hairbrush when it came to driving in nails. And as it was dark, no one would know she had decided to indulge this preference. But really the bachelor maid had many womanly qualities.

The door cpened easily. It was not locked. When she had asked for a night key in going out the landlady had said that the door was always left unlocked.

"But do you leave it unlocked all night?" asked the bachelor maid.

"Well, yes," said the landlady, "I started in having keys, but they kept losing them and then somebody was always getting locked out and raising a racket in the door unlocked now."

"O, dear!" said the bachelor maid.
"O, you needn't be afraid," answered the landlady, "the light is always left burning. Were you going to be out late? I'll wait for you if you like, and I'll have your room all ready."

"O, don't think of it," said the bachelor maid. "Besides, I'll be in early." But she wasn't. Don't think though that she was prevaricating. She had meant to be in early.

The gas wasn't lit in the hall when she entered. The cold shivers ran down the bachelor maid's back. It isn't pleasant to go into a strange house at 10 o'clock at night and find everything dark. She wished she was well in her room.

There were voices in the parlor. Of course the bachelor maid stopped on the stairs, frozen stiff, and thought of burglars at once. She wouldn't have been thought mannish then.

"Is that you, Pete?" said one of these whose in the darkness. It was a man's.

"Because if it is," said the woman's, "we know you'll go right upstairs and go to bed like a good girl. The lights are all out and everyone else has gone, you see."

And then there was suppressed laughter.

"No, I don't see," said the bachelor maid in disgust.

"Well, we didn't see you that night, you remember—when—"

"Well, we didn't see you that night, you remember—when—" "Well, we didn't see you that night, you remember—when—"
"Good night, Pete," interrupted the other.
"Hope we'll see you at breakfast."
"Well, if you see me at breakfast you'll know it," said the bachelor maid to herself. "What impertinence. And they seemed such nice people that I met at dinner. I wonder who those two are?"
When she had reached the top stair the door below opened and a young man came running up. The bachelor maid thought she recognized him.
"Good evening. Mr. Smith." she said. "Do you know where I can find the landlady." 'Hello! Who is it?" said the man in the

"Hello! Who is it?" said the man in the dark.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," stammered the poor bachelor maid. "I thought I had—I met you at dinner to-night. I—I'm the new boarder, you see, and I want to find the landlady. It's so dark upstairs I hate to go up alone."

"Where are you? Let me go up with you?"

you?"

"On the third floor," said the bachelor maid, and the darkness didn't prevent her from judging him to be good looking.
"Not this room?" said the young man.
"Yes," said the bachelor maid.
"Why, this is Tompkins' room."
"Guess not any more. She said it had been occupied but that it would be ready for me to-night."
"Whey! Funny he didn't tell me about me to-night."
Whew! Funny he didn't tell me about
He's been here five years. Well, good-

"It is queer," thought the bachelor maid as she struck a match. "Why, they haven't taken his things out," she exclaimed. "And they haven't brought my trunk up, either. Such stupidity. If I ever did see such a

Such stupidity. If I ever did see such a lot of senseless, unaccommodating people, it's boarding house keepers." All this was said to herself, of course.

The bachelor maid wanted to go down stairs again and hunt up the landlady, but she dreaded to encounter the loving but jocular couple in the parlor.

"Well I'll do what I can," she thought, "and maybe she'll come up by and by." She lay the valise upon the bed and opened it. All her photographs had to be strung upon the new baby ribbon which she had bought for that express purpose. This is a way the modern girl has of decorating her room. They make pretty panels down each side of the window or dresser.

"He has a good many pictures himself," she said. "Funny, though, he would leave all those things for a landlady to pack. But that's what she said. Well, I suppose if he's been here five years she must know him cretter will. If he's been here five years she must know him pretty well. I wonder—"

The bachelor maid jumped up and opened the closet door. She shut it as quickly. The closet was filled with men's clothes.

"I wish she'd come. This makes me un-"I wish she'd come. This makes me uncomfortable," said the bachelor maid.
Then she went on stringing photographs.
"I wonder which one is he?" mused the
bachelor maid gazing at the row of pictures arranged on the dresser. "O. I knowthe one in the middle, with the gold
eveglasses and the mustache and the
blond hair. I know it's blond. Blond hair
always looks like that in photographs.
And that sort also wouldn't wear anything but gold glasses. And he's been
here five years. Pity he's going away now.
That's always my luck." said the bachelor
maid, with a sigh. But all this, you must
remember, was said in the privacy of her
own room. It's really mean to tell it.
"Perfumery bottle, toilet water, cold
cream," counted the bachelor maid, as she
took these articles from the valise. "Lemon juice for my hands, rubifoam, charcoal for my teeth when they begin to look
yellow. Fancy button hook, satcher
powder, hand painted china pin tray and
toilet plate, manicure set, silver backed
brush and comb and hand glass. I declare

yellow. Fancy button hook, satcher powder, hand painted china pin tray and toilet plate, manicure set, silver backed brush and comb and hand glass. I declare if he hasn't most of these things himself—except the lemon julce, of course. That would be silly.

"Wonder what he uses this for. Soething to the skin. For chap hands, sunburn and—O, yes—nice to rub on the face after shaving. 'Spose any of it ever gets spattered on the rest of his face? Looks something like sath finish face wash.—Well, if this doesn't beat me—an eyebrow pencil. Can he really use it?"

"Oh, dear," sighed the bachelor maid. "I wish that landlady would come up. I don't like to go to bed in this room." Then she turned her face away from the light. It still came through her eyelids, however, and lightened up the face in the picture that moved before her sight. Afterward the bachelor maid never could remember what the dream was, but she knew it had all the rosy tinge of a bright future. But then she had such a rude awakening. It

was caused by the turning of the door knob.
"How dare you come into my room?"
said the bachelor maid in a blaze of wrath. And the young man who entered, almost as amazed as she, hardly looked as though he would have dared—had he known she was there.

was there,
"I beg your pardon," he said apologeticaly, "but if it would not be considered impolite I would like to retort the same to polite I would like to retort the same to you."

"Well, I'm the new boarder," said the angry bachelor maid, "I looked at this room this afternoon, liked it, engaged it and paid in advance for it. The landlady assured me that the previous occupant would have removed his things by night and that when I came in everything would be in readiness for me. She didn't send my trunk up, but that's no reason why you should break in and scare me half to death."

"That was certainly very previous of the landlady to rent the room from under

Strange Experience of the New Stenographer and an Unwelcome

Visitor.

The new stenographer was a girl who had just come from a small Kansas town and she was hence unaccustomed to many Division toleral V



law firm she told him to sit down and wait, as she had been instructed to do. She didn't tell him to sit right in front of her and watch her work, but that was what he did. He was evidently a laboring man and settled back in the chair as though and settled back in the chair as though he intended to re-main there until some one summoned him to appear. The girl stenographer didn't like it, though

a dead man here." She dragged the porter to the man who sat notionless in the chair before hers.

The porter placed his hand upon the dead man's shoulder. Then he turned and looked at the girl stenographer. "Chile, guess you nevah saw a gemun wid a 'still on' befoh." And he went out laughing.

laughing.
But the girl stenographer was trembling

LETTER FROM COL. INGERSOLL. He Explains to a Kansan Some Remarks That Were Attributed to Him.

The following letter was written by the late Colonel Ingersoll, October 25, 1882, to Colonel L. V. Taylor, of Frankfort, Kas. Colonel L. V. Taylor, of Frankfort, Kas.:

Washington, D. C., Oct. 25, 1882.

L. V. B. Taylor, Esq., Frankfort, Kas.

Dear Sir:—In your letter of the 18th you say that someone told you that I stood at the grave of ex-President Buchanan, and, pointing to the tomb, said: "I am glad the damned old villain is dead."

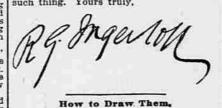
I do not remember ever having made this. I do not remember ever having made this remark. I may have thought it, but I have no recollection of having expressed it. remember looking at Buchanan's grave.

remember looking at Buchanan's grave. I do not remember making the remark attributed to me; neither do I remember that I was sorry to find him dead! I think that, at the time, I felt like submitting to the decrees of Providence and saying in my heart: "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

taketh away; blessed he the name of the Lord."

As to the second charge, I never used the language quoted, nor anything like it. I never said: "We have had a government of law, and that was a failure; we have had a government of religion, and that was a failure—now let us come to the principle of letting everyone do just as he pleases."

Of course, no man in his senses could say any such thing, and no one except an idiot ever supposed that I had said any such thing. Yours truly,



From the Chicago Times-Herald. "Did you hear about that New York woman who gave \$100,000 to a man who rescued her from drowning?"
"Yes. If there were more women like that at the seashore they would never have to deplore a lack of men at the resorts."

New Terror for Unpunctual Clerks From Punch.



According to the Scientific American they have commenced making in Switzerland phonographic clocks and watches which pronounce the hour most distinctly.

IN THE KLONDIKE AGAIN

MISS KELLY WRITES OF HER LAST TRIP TO THE YUKON.

Change in Manner of Travel-Pictur esque Scenery Along the Route-Improvements That Have Been Made in Dawson.

DAWSON, YUKON TERRITORY, June



and she was hence unaccustomed to many of the things one sees in the city. When a man entered the office one day and asked to see the senior member of the law firm she told him to sit down and wait,

The surroundings and land marks along my first experience camping without

the route had a familiar look, my op-portunity for observation having been much better from the steamer than it was when I was seated in a row boat. We passed through the short connecting strait from Bennett to Lake Tackish, which we crossed to the former Canadian custom house, situated near the north end of the lake, where buildings for the officials and the mounted police were in course of erection when I was first here; these now completed constitute the headquarters for completed constitute the headquarters for the mounted police of the district. The lake and river route from Bennett to the Yukon is through a region of rugged mountains, the sides of which are covered with a low scrubby growth of brush and trees. The bottom lands approaching the lakes are covered with a timber growth, chiefly of fir, many of the trees having smooth trunks for, perhaps, a hundred feet.

completed constitute the headquarters for girl stenographer didn't like it, though of course she didn't tell him so. It made her nervous to have him watch her so. She wished the other stenographer would come in, but she was taking dietation in the senior member's private office and the junior member had gone into his little. The longer the man sat there the more nervous the girl stenographer became, and in the more she fumbled her keys and spooled her manuscript. She tried looking away for awhile, but when she looked back again she received a shock that brought her to her feet at once. The man before her was perfectly mottoniess.

The girl stenographer rushed to the door of the senior member's private office. But the man before her was perfectly mottoniess.

The girl stenographer rushed to the door of the senior member's private office. But the man before her was perfectly mottonies in the limit of paper and the scratching of pens. He didn't mean to be disturbed. Almost beside herself, the girl stenographer rushed out into the hall and selzed the big, black porter by the coat sleeve.

The porter placed his band upon the chair before hers.

The porter placed his band upon the chair before hers.

The porter placed his band upon the chair before hers.

The porter placed his band upon the chair before hers.

The porter placed his band upon the chair before hers. these mountains gorges whose granite walls tower a thousand feet on either side, the vast volume of water being forced through these openings less than 200 yards in width. Passage of these openings, with angular projections on either side, for three quarters of a mile, is most hazardous. Many boats have been wrecked and numerous lives lost in the effort to make the passage of the canon, the foaming waters of which send up a mist that arises like fog. Midway the canon widens for a short distance, producing a whirlpool, and when the luckless boatman strikes this, he and his boat are quickly carried to the bottom. The run from Bennett to the canon occupied about twelve hours, and when we reached Lebarge we were compelled to wait two days for a Yukon steamer to take us on to Dawson, which we reached in five days. in five days.

Indian Traders.

Lake Lebarge is thirty-one miles in length with an average width of about five miles, and opening into Lewis, is the last lake between the foot of the pass and that river. Onr passage was on one of the commodious steamers that ply between Lebarge and Dawson. We passed a number of Indian villages and when our boat would make a landing the Indians with trinkets would gather for the purpose of exchanging their wares for tobacco and other things necessary to Indian life and happiness, if there is such a thing as happiness among the Indians of the Yukon country, the filthlest and dirtiest I ever saw, and far more degraded than our North American Indians.

On the bottoms approaching the lakes and river, and especially where there are openings in the woods, there are many patches of grass pasture land, upon which the cariboo and moose in their migrations stop to graze. The steep banks of the river are full of holes which are the nesting places for millions of little bank swallows that brood in this latitude.

On Lewis river we passed Five Finger rapids, where the current divides into three channels separated by column shaped rocks twenty to fifty feet in height, our Lake Lebarge is thirty-one miles in

On Lewis river we passed Five Finger rapids, where the current divides into three channels separated by column shaped rocks twenty to fifty feet in height, our boat having kept to the right, it being the safer channel for navigation.

The rise in the river from summer floods had not occurred and hence the water was so low that our boat stuck on a bar which detained us for a couple of days, but entering the Yukon we found a better stage of water. We made a landing at Fort Selkirk, 200 miles from Dawson, one of the old posts of the Hudson Bay trading company, the post having been burned by the Indians in 1852, the site of which is still marked by the crumbling ruins. The new post is located about two miles down the river from the former site, near where the Lewis, the Pelley and the Mac-Millan rivers form a junction. At the mouth of the Pelley, there is a basaltic plateau which rises some 1,800 feet perpendicularly from the water's edge, supposed to be of volcanic formation from an extinct volcano thirty miles up the river A little farther on where the MacMillan joins the Lawis and the Pelley the Yukon proper commences. This great river drains an immense region of the country west of the Rocky mountains in British America, and north of the Alaskan range on the southern coast of the territory of Alaska. At this point Harper & Ladu maintain a considerable trading post; they have also done some experimental truck farming and succeeded in raising cabbages and potatoes.

Change in Modes of Travel.

Change in Modes of Travel. It was here, on my trip two years ago,

that the men wanted to go into camp for that the men wanted to go into camp for the winter, but yielding to my protests, finally decided to continue the journey in our boats through the ice floe, which rendered navigation for our little craft slow and dangerous. When I think of my first trip into the country, traveling in storm and cold, steering our little craft through the ice of lakes and river, I can harnly realize that my second trip was over the same route, so quickly and with so few discomforts was it made. A wonderful transformation has taken place in the modes of travel and in accommodations between Chilkoot and Dawson. I had comfortable quarters and pleasant company on the steamer, with plenty of time to observe the magnificent scepery, as our boat swept around many curves in the river, encircling the base of mountain ranges, where towering peaks rising one above the other are lost to view against the distant horizon. Sitting on the upper deck of a Yukon steamer one becomes entranced with the magnificent scenery of the wild mountainous region; in which there are no other reminders of civilizary tions than the puffing of the boat and the the winter, but yielding to my protests,

deep sonorous sound of its whistle. The great improvements in the far North have been accomplished through the energy and enterprise of man in the short space of time, since the hegira in 1887 to the gold fields of the Klondike. While the first excitement has in a measure died out, the desire for Arctic gold has not, as the lakes and river from Chilkoot to Dawson have literally swarmed this season with have literally swarmed this season with craft of all kinds, row boats, scows, and steamers carrying passengers and freight to the northern gold fields, and with the present year's output this movement of population will doubtless be accellerated the accellerated.

the ensuing year.

There were several passengers on the steamer who had ploneered in interior Alaska for fifteen or eighteen years, and these added much to our pleasure in recounting the hardships and incidents of pioneer life.

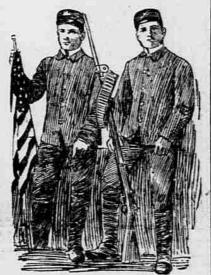
Travelers' Tales.

One of these told of the capture of bear in Alaska in the winter of 1887, by himself and partner, who were in camp without

PATRIOTIC TWINS.

The McWilliams, of Verdella, Were Always One as to Their Duty to Their Country. VERDELLA, MO., July 22.-(Special.)

The McWilliams twins, Samuel James and William Harmon, were always so much alike that no person, even their own parents, could tell them apart. They were of the same carriage, weight and height; both were elocutionists and when one was unable to fulfill an engagement the other would take his place and no one of his auditors discovered the substitution. They



THE WWILLIAMS TWINS

were inseparable companions and their ideas upon most things were about the same. There was one point in particular in which they were one and that was their love of country. It was this that made them enist as soldiers for Cuba and led them to share together the hardships of the Philippine campaign.

The boys were born in this town February 16, 1875. They come of patriotic stock. Their paternal great-grandfather was an officer in the Revolution, their grandfather was an officer in the Revolution, their grandfather was an officer in the war of 1812 and their father was a member of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania cavalry.

When war with Spain was declared William was in charge of the elocutionary department of Cooper's college, Moundville, Mo., and his brother was on the way to Wichita, Kas., with a horse and buggy and a bundle of books to open a business in which they both could engage and thus be together. William took a party of students from the college down to Nevada and they all enlisted in Company H. Second regiment, Then he wrote to his brother to come. But the company roll was completed and there was no room for William. He waited until his brother came home on furlough from Lexington, Ky., and then they planned to be together.

After the Second Missouri moved to Albany, Ga., William saw a chance to get his brother there as teamster by buying someone off for \$25. He secured the piace, but three days were all that it would remain open. He telegraphed his brother at McPherson, Kas. Samuel drove the horse and buggy into a livery barn and took the next train for Fort Scott, where his parents had moved Nevember 1, 1898. He told them what he had done and left his father to go 200 miles for the horse and buggy in midwinter over bad roads, requiring six days' travel and \$30 expenses. He arrived at Albany two days late. But his brother had the men report no one absent, so he was made teamster. Being now together they were satisfied. They expected to go to Cuba and wrote home for their brother, only 15 vears old. His

is proud of them. THE VERY FIRST MAN.

Originals of Two Pictures Believed to

Be Oldest Drawings of Human Beings. From the London Mail. The originals of these two pictures are

believed to be the oldest drawings of human beings ever discovered, and their ownera well known and wealthy Egyptologist —has called them "The First Man and Woman."
A few months ago



A few months ago excavations were being made in a little-explored part of Egypt, when, in an ancient tomb, one of the relic hunters came across a potsherd, upon which reproduced had been

STORIES OF EUGENIE

NORWEGIAN WRITER TELLS OF THE EARLY LIFE OF EX-EMPRESS.

Parents of Eugenie, Scottish Wine Merchants Who Went Into Bustness at Malaga-Career of

Her Mother.

It seems as though the fate of women whom accident placed upon a throne exerts in these latter days a peculiar influence upon writers of biography. Since the "literary man" of the unfortunate empress of Austria wrote his little book concerning her fancies and folbles, a lady of the court train followed him upon the same field, disclosing still more intimate doings; then followed Frederic Masson with his admir-



(From a painting of 1852.)

able work on Josephine Beauharnais, the beautiful first wife of Napoleon I. and now a Norwegian writer, Clara Tschuol, is in the field with an extensive sketch of ex-Empress Eugenie. It is quite interesting and instructive to scan such books and to look, so to speak, at close range upon the personages who otherwise were placed at a sovereign height and eminent distance, surrounded by a nimbus, like mountain peaks by fleecy clouds. By doing this one notices so many small details, insignificant in themselves, and yet in their totality so powerful a searchlight upon the miserable conditions which attach to the monarchical dea "by grace of the herd."

conditions which attach to the monarchical idea "by grace of the herd."

Of exceeding interest in this new contribution to the history of crowned women is the history of the parents of Eugenie. According to Clara Tschudi's researches a canny Scottish wine merchant came in the early part of this century to Maiaga and epened a store there in which he sold nearly everything, but particularly alcoholic liquor, wholesale as well as retail. Even after he had branched out into the exportation of wine on a large scale he kept his small and dingy sample-room, for, like most Scots, he was a cauthous man, bound to make a fortune for his two daughters.

Whether the old Kirkpatrick—this was the name of the canny Scot—imbued his daughters with the grandeur of his ancient Highland nobility, of which he bragged to his guests, or whether his noble descent was simply an invention to be the equal of the proud Spanish dons in Grandezza is difficult to determine, but it is certain that both girls were ambitious beyond bounds. Manuela in particular was possessed of an extraordinary conceit and unbounded pride, One may readily imagine the dreams she cherished in her father's wineshop while she served the guests. She was a Spaniard, but at the same time she had the energy of the Scots, without which she certainity would never have realized her fond dreams.

Wedded to Her Count.

Among the customers of old Kirkpatrick's vineshop was a Spanish colonel of cavatry. Don Cipriano, Count Teba, who had lost who had arrived at the age limit of his use fulness as a soldier. He was the particular object of Manuela's attentions. The old soldier could not resist the attractions of the beautiful girl long, and one tine day the daughter of the wine merchant became the

daughter of the wine merchant became the wife of Cipriano Palafox y Porto Carrero, Count Teba, Marquis of Ardaies, who later on became Count of Montigo and Miranda and Prince of Peneranda.

His elder and conservative brother did not like this mesalliance at all and determined that no child of this wedlock should be his heir. Old as he was, he married. This made Malaga distasteful to Manuela and her husband, and they moved to Granada. There their first daughter was born, Francisca Theresia, later on Duchess of Alba, and in 1826 Maria Eugenie Ignacia Augustina, later on empress of France, saw the light.

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saw the light.

Mme. de Montijo was undoubtedly a genial adventuress, but when her daughters grew up and proved to be girls of unusual beauty she sought, after the genuine French fashion, to protect their innocence behind the walls of a convent. Both girls were placed in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Farls and the mother returned to Madrid to realize her one ambition—to be received at court. Some years later, when the father was dying, the girls were also called to Madrid. Francisca was sweet is and Eugenie a year younger. The startling beauty of the girls soon brought eligible men to the Montijo home, among whom was the Duke of Alba. It was said in Madrid at the time that Eugenie loved the duke passionately, but that the mother insisted upon the elder sister marrying first. In the inner circles the story passed current that Eugenie attempted suicide when the engagement of Francisca and the Duke of Alba was announced. Whether this be true will never be told, but it is certain that a great change in the younger girl took place. The young and timid beauty developed at once into a woman who gave herself up with an abandon reaching the limits of the permissable to all the social enjoyments of the Spanish capital.

As Maid of Honor.

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In the meantime Mme, de Montijo found a place at court for Eugenie, in the capacity of maid of honor to Queen Isabella. But the excesses of the young beauty-it is told that she rode horseback in male attire and that she could handle whip and poniard as well as a bouquet and a fan-scared the well as a bouquet and a fan-scared the young hidalgos, and some eccentric freak lost her not only the favor of the queen but also spoiled an engagement with the Duke d'Aumale. The mother also suffered from unfortunate affairs. She had not been made a lady of the bedchamber by the queen, and one fine day Madrid was startled by the announcement that a youthful lover of the royal chamber woman had decamped with her jewels. Even Isabella found it advisable to remove the Montijos from court, and the migratory career began again.

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Thus it is quite possible that Louis Napoleon met the beautiful Eugenle at the end of the '40s in London. Certain it is that both met in Paris during the presidency of Napoleon. It is also certain that Napoleon after his elevation to the imperial throne caused the mother to be notified that her daughter never would become empress of France. The prudent mother received the imperial messenger so proud and cool that the message had the unexpected result of inflaming the passion of Napoleon III. to such an extent is to propose the marriage which he had disclaimed. The entire Bonaparte family was opposed to the match, and, diplomatic inquiries having proved that no princess of the blood was available, at the last moment proposed a marriage with Princess Czartoryska. But on January 19, 1852, the engagement with Eugenle was announced and a year later the marriage took place.

Pinnacle Reached at Last.

The ambition of mother and daughter was realized. How Eugenie played her role upon the world's stage-for Paris is the world in the view of many—is fresh in the memory of all. She united in the most fortunate manner Spanish grandezza with French grace, and she succeeded not only to impress the stamp of her taste upon the imperial court of France, but she was soon the recognized sovereign ruler in the world'a empire of fashion.